

A LEGAL HOLIDAY

How Memorial Day Was Added To the Calendar.

THE WASHINGTON POST

Tells the Story of How "Comrade Elliott" Introduced the Resolution at the Denver National Encampment—Some Further Light on the Subject and the Subsequent Results to the Author of the Resolution—Voted for Blaine and Logan, Lost Fortune, Friends, and Liberty, But Would Do It All Over Again.

"At the Denver National Encampment, G. A. R., which was held in 1883, the first steps were taken to make Memorial Day a national holiday. The Ohio delegates were seated in front of the Illinois delegation, under ex-National Department Commander Gen. John A. Logan. When resolutions were called for, Delegate W. J. Elliott, of Ohio, now a resident of Washington, offered a resolution that Congress be petitioned to enact the necessary legislation, making Memorial Day a national and legal holiday. When the resolution was read, Comrade Logan, of the Illinois delegation, arose and said:

"I desire to inform my youthful comrade from Ohio that Memorial Day is already a legal national holiday."

The encampment laughed good-naturedly at Comrade Elliott, but when the laugh subsided, he addressed the commander, and said:

"With all due deference to the distinguished comrade from Illinois, I desire to reiterate that Memorial Day has not been legalized by Congress as a holiday, and in proof of this fact I need only state that one hour ago I met Comrade Logan in the First National Bank getting a draft cashed."

General Logan smiled, and arising, said: "I stand corrected, commander. The comrade from Ohio is right. While Memorial Day is universally observed as a national holiday, it is not a legal holiday, and I therefore hope the comrade's resolution will pass. As amende to the comrade, I promise him that I will incorporate his resolution in a bill and introduce the same in the Senate at the coming session."

General Logan was as good as his word. The bill was introduced, and passed by both Houses and signed by the President, adding Memorial Day to the list of national holidays.

Comrade Elliott was a member of Company I, Fifty-ninth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers. This regiment was consolidated with the Fifty-seventh Massachusetts owing to heavy losses. In the list of the ten regiments, which suffered the greatest mortality in the civil war on the Northern side, the Fifty-seventh and Fifty-ninth Massachusetts stand sixth.

Some years after the creation of this new national holiday the author of the resolution was on trial for his life in the Ohio courts, having killed a rival editor in a street duel. The prosecuting attorney, in summing up for the state, laid particular stress upon the fact that the duel occurred on Washington's Birthday and that the prisoner had desecrated the nation's holiday. In speaking to the question of what he had to say by sentence should not be pronounced, Comrade Elliott said to this charge:

"I am charged with desecrating a national holiday. It is true that I did so, in defense of my life, but if you honor please I am proud to be conscious of the memorial honor of having given the nation a holiday which typifies the patriotism of the dead and the eternal gratitude of the living."

The trial judge was a member of the G. A. R. and a comrade of the prisoner, and he bowed his head in acquiescence as he recalled the Denver incident.—*Washington Post, May 31.*

The Washington Post in the foregoing article in its splendid Memorial Day issue states the facts as they appear in the records of the Denver National Encampment G. A. R. touching the legalizing of Memorial Day as a national holiday. While the Post was kind enough to state that we are now a resident of Washington it omitted to state that we publish the only truth teller in the nation's Capital. However, we will let that pass, as it would be giving us that "lift" so far denied by the classes in whose interests the GLOBE is published. It may be of interest to add to the Post's correct statement the additional information of how, among all the then hundreds of thousands of surviving ex-soldiers and the tens of thousands of Grand Army men, we were the one individual to discover as late as 1882-3 that Memorial Day was not a national holiday.

We had been a member of the old Grand Army (Greble Post No. 10, Philadelphia in 1876) and on the organization of McCoy Post No. 1, of Columbus, Ohio, we became a member of that Post in 1881 of the present Grand Army of the Republic.

Noticing that the banks were open on Memorial Day first admonished us that although the 30th of May was universally observed as a holiday it was not in fact legalized as such. It took us some time to convince our comrades of McCoy Post of this discovery and, if our memory serves us we failed to arouse any interest in the subject until our election as delegate to the National Encampment at Denver. While assistant quartermaster general of the department of Ohio we ascertained beyond doubt that Memorial Day had never been legalized as a holiday by act of Congress, as required to give it standing as such in the calendar of our legal national holidays.

Hence on the trip to Denver we broached the subject to the many delegates from Ohio and other states on the train and secured their conditional support! That is to say the majority of them disputed the fact that it was not a legal holiday, but promised if we established our contention to vote for the resolution we had drafted.

Hence when the resolution was offered in the encampment the gallant Logan, laboring under the same mistake that it was already legalized, turned the laugh on us, and the resolution would have been tabled for further investigation, but that the general generously came to our rescue by admitting his error and favoring its passage, as stated by the Post.

In grateful recognition of his enactment into law of the resolution, and in admiration of his superb record as a soldier, *sans peur et sans reproche*, as well as for the tariff plank in the Republican national platform we cast the first, last, and only ballot in our life for the Republican party—and it was a loser!

That ballot secured our conviction years afterwards in as plain a case of self defense as was ever presented in an American court of justice. It lost us the friends of a life time, who were coldly indifferent to the injustice perpetrated. And the new friends—in the Republican party—weakened, betrayed or sold us out to the infamous railroad corporation and thieving officials, whom we had exposed and others whose crooked lives we unmasked, despite their wealth and social position. Millionaire and black-mailer, railroad corporation, and the vile sheet it owned (the Ohio State Journal), tally sheet forgers and ex-convicts made common cause and with a judge whom Governor Foraker, at our request, among others, had elevated from a tramp to the bench, the trick was turned.

But we have never regretted voting for Blaine and Logan and there are tens of thousands of Democrats to day who bitterly repent they did not do likewise, in view of "subsequent events!" However both Blaine and "The Black Eagle of Illinois" will live in the hearts and the memories of their countrymen, when even the historian will find it difficult to find existing data upon which to compile the most meagre biography of their victorious rival and successful antagonist.

And in this particular our vote was not "a loser!"

HIGH COMMENDATION

For Assessor Darnelle by the Artistic Roaster of the District Government—An Act of Justice Is the Inspiration In This Case.

That Artist Raymond can commend and eulogize as well as roast is evident enough from a perusal of the following letter addressed to Assessor Darnelle. It is headed "The District Tax Office A Model Department," and is as follows:

"Hon. H. H. DARNELLE, Assessor District of Columbia.

"MY DEAR SIR: Words fail to express the feelings of gratitude inspired by your praiseworthy action yesterday in the interests of Mr. James J. McCarthy as a victim of imposition. I sincerely regret that the District Commissioners were not present that they too, might derive some benefit from the lesson in honor given by the frank and open manner in which you administered a scathing rebuke to the clerk who dared to presume that you would support him in misrepresentation and in making of himself an obstructionist.

"Believe me, my good fellow, when I say, that the most grateful words I can utter have but an empty sound in expressing the feelings of gratitude inspired by the course you have pursued. I can assure you, sir, that it strengthens my good opinion of you, not biased by any favors hoped for, or received; for you will know and the Commissioners also, that I have asked nothing more than a clean hand and a square deal in matters that I have brought to their attention. Had I always received this, Inspector Ashford would not now be repenting in such a wretched and ashes as it were, Major Sylvester would not be shedding tears of blood over the royal r:ast that graced two columns of last Sunday's GLOBE, nor would the Commissioners be incensed and hanging their heads in shame on their account. You well know too, that there is no old acquaintance to make me feel any way partial towards you, and to be frank I favored the retention of Mr. Trimble as District assessor, therefore you will see very clearly that my implicit confidence in your integrity has sprung from your desire to treat people fairly, as well as from your executive ability, that has transformed the chaotic condition of your Department to a degree of perfection that cause citizens to marvel over the changes as compared with the time when they fell in line a block distant from the tax office, with their luncheon in one hand and their taxes in the other to await their turn to pay it. You have made it a model department, that is appreciated by all whose interests you so ably subserve; and it is not going too far to say that your appreciation is as a silent prayer for your welfare; that when ages creep over you, when your step becomes slow and your hair becomes tinged with gray, you will not become weary in well doing; that in looking back you will have the consciousness of believing that the world is better on account of your having lived in it, that on the trip from your precious mother's knee to the side of the green turf that will cover your brow, your sweetest thoughts will be of those you have treated fairly, those to whom you have extended a helping-hand—those protected from misrepresentation and imposition.

Here let me say that I regard mildness towards fellows who spring such traps upon themselves, as casting pearls before swine, which explains my blunt manner of dealing with him. Mr. Trimble will understand it as the culmination of plotting that has been going on for over a year to prevent Mr. McCarthy getting the opening applied for that has virtually always been an uncomplained of entrance until the Ball Park opened, but since then Inspector Arnold has seen fit to discriminate against him by trying to close up this back entrance while allowing over a hundred others to remain open. I think too, that Mr. Trimble is satisfied that I understand why Arnold and Williams are opposing this man, but let that go, as my aim is to get his license, not to stir up strife.

"It was my confidence in you, mingled with suspicion that there was something that would be uncovered, that made me anxious to have you investigate the matter. It is fitting to state also that while waiting for you to come out of Mr. Ross' official sanctum sanctorum, I was handed a note from police headquarters saying that Mr. Williams and Major Sylvester were planning to have McCarthy's application hung up in your office, and in the light of what you uncovered, and in view of the fact that I had told Mr. Trimble and Mr. Mossell in a note that I had reason to believe that Williams was working against him, you will readily understand that this scheme was resorted to so as it would appear that he had no hand in the hold-up. It remains to be seen whether or not the Excise Board will follow your wise policy by putting upon such conduct its stamp of disapproval.

"Sincerely and respectfully,

"ALBERT M. RAYMOND,
706 Seventeenth street northeast."

"Jack" Cook, of the Iron Brigade," the famous boy cannoner of Gettysburg and Antietam, received something in the nature of a stroke of paralysis while on his way to work one morning the past week. Mr. Cook is employed in the Union Building, Government Printing Office branch. He is much improved his host of friends will be pleased to learn.

Read the SUNDAY GLOBE.

IRISH CONVERTS

In the Union Mission and How They are Made.

THE DOWNEY HOME

And the Experiences of Its Founder—Non-Catholics Subscribe Liberally to Mr. Downey's Refuge for Thieves and Outcasts—The Law of Kindness the Solution of the Criminal Problem.

When Mr. W. F. Downey had finally completed arrangements to start his Downey Home out on I. street opposite his stables, he visited the Union Mission to obtain some information on the *modus operandi* of conducting such a place. He correctly surmised that the Union Mission which shelters and provides temporary relief for the outcast and the homeless was in a position to give him valuable information on the proper management of the Downey Refuge or home. The big blizzard had not yet spent its force when he entered the Mission and listened for a few moments to the gentleman who was addressing an audience of worshippers (?). The exhorter was literally making "Rome howl." He referred to the "idolaters of the Romish church" in scathing terms. Finally, Mr. Downey secured information to the effect that a man on the next floor who had practical charge of the Mission building would furnish him the information he wanted. On ascending the stairs Mr. Downey accosted the gruff individual with the map of Ireland stamped on his face. Introducing himself Mr. Downey explained his business and incidentally mentioned that he was a member of St. Vincent de Paul Society. "To hell with ye," responded the Irishman convert, "yees are no good, all frills and red tape."

Immeasurably astonished Mr. Downey asked the cause of such an outburst when the man gruffly answered— "I was a Catholic, like two-thirds of the poor devils you will find down in the basement. I struck this town and tried to get charity from Catholics and I was kept dodging the police who were after me for a vagrant. I came here and they took me in. I am a Methodist or a Presbyterian now. I don't know which and I don't care a d—."

This certainly was not encouraging to Mr. Downey, and on visiting the basement or cellar he found ten or twelve poor wretches standing on the floor in pools of water the melted snow from their shoes and garments had made. The door to the furnace room was closed, but the door to the cold drafts was open. Calling an individual from the number whom he guessed to be an Irishman to one side he asked him to what church he belonged. The Irishman in a decided brogue replied:

"An what is your religion, shure."

"I am a Roman Catholic," answered Mr. Downey.

"Oh, begob so am I, but shure I didn't know you wuz a Catholic."

Being asked why they were all huddled together without heat or fire he stated that they were waiting to saw wood for the promised meal. Handing the address of the new Downey Home to the Irishman Mr. Downey departed having ascertained that all charity, public and local, was based on this principal of exacting from the recipient some service such as sawing wood, and among such places as the Union Mission proselytizing went hand in hand with the wood sawing.

He determined to conduct his home on a different plan. The recipient of the Downey charity is not required to saw wood or change his religion for a square meal. Black and white, Protestant and Catholic, are all favored alike.

Visiting the Downey Home the past week, the GLOBE discovered it was in error in the statement that Mr. Downey kept a hotel or boarding house for his employees. These employees do not belong to the miscellaneous poor devils who seek the shelter of the Downey Home. Neither do they board at the Downey Home. They are generally men of families and board and live at their own homes. They number all told sixty to one hundred married and single men, and there is not a saloon in the block, whereas there were eight when Mr. Downey opened his home for outcasts.

Mr. Downey, however, helps and finds employment for those of his outcasts who can do manual labor or who are tradesmen. Others he sends to their former homes and many of these have sent him money, as they were members of respectable and well-to-do families, sowing their wild oats in trapping and sampling the jails and work-houses of the country, until reformed by the kindness and true Christian charity of Mr. Downey. And speaking of "kindness," Mr. Downey maintains that this is the key to the solution of this problem of the reformation of shiftless creatures and of men with criminal tendencies. He has innumerable anecdotes of his years of experience illustrative of this fact that "kindness will redeem the most hardened and depraved men."

In the Downey Home, as stated last week, these poor outcasts and sinners are given a shower bath and scrubbing. If their clothes are worth the trouble they are fumigated, washed, etc. If not they are burned up and clothes supplied them. The large dormitory contains twenty-five beds, but Mr. Downey often lodges more than forty, the surplus being made comfortable with temporary beds. The room is in charge of an ex-soldier, who is invaluable to Mr. Downey in the management of the home. The food is of the best and abundant in quantity. We tasted the contents of the pots in which the supper was being prepared and found the food appetizing, wholesome, and much better than the average low class restaurant.

When these outcasts are fully recovered either from their weary tramp or from confinement in the jail, Mr. Downey interests himself in securing either employment for those able to work or transportation to their homes for those who have any. Owing to the splendid treatment his ninety or one hundred employees receive there is never any vacancy in his own stables for any of these reformed tramps or outcasts but Mr. Downey manages, nevertheless, to find them temporary employment among his friends and acquaintances until he gets them on their feet. During the period that he has been visiting the jail and conducting the Downey Home he has administered the total abstinence pledge to over five thousand of these rum-ridden tramps, thieves and outcasts. The very Irishman who received him so gruffly at the Union Mission became a member of his Home and a reformed man. He is now a respectable and industrious citizen and a total abstainer. He related his experience with the gospel band

wagons. He was their star exhorter trotted out on all occasions because of his ability to "make Rome howl." He became a common drunkard on the Union Mission people's hands and they "fired" him bag and baggage.

It would many times fill every column of this paper to relate the innumerable instances of reformation effected at the Downey Home, but one fact, as stated by Mr. Downey himself, reflects much credit on the true Christian spirit of this community, and that is "more than one-third of the money used to conduct this home is sent or given me by non-Catholics," impulsively concluded Mr. Downey as he bade the writer "good bye" and invited us to "call again soon."

A STINGING REVIEW

Of the Methods by Which Certain Favorites Beat the Civil Service and Secure Soft Snaps.

Editor Sunday Globe:

In a Saturday issue of the *Star* sometime back (recently noticed) appeared a lengthy long order article of the glorious Fourth of July range which read to the effect that about all the female clerks of the Washington departments were experts of a more or less high grade order. In answer I will give the other side of the question. In starting out, however, will state that I have no rocks to throw at the female money-handlers employed in the Treasury, nor against the skilled laborer female employees of the Bureau, most of whom pass competitive examinations, entrance examinations, for their positions and hold such positions according to their individual ability. In the first place the *Star* writer claims that there is a Civil Service Commission, and lately endeavors to hoodwink the people throughout the country into the belief that all lady clerical department prodigies have honestly obtained original entrance through certification route. There may be a Civil Service Commission right now (we are told so), but in time past there has been only a Civil Service Commission or shield to bluff those outsiders who were honest in their intentions as to getting entrance to the Washington branch of the Government service. In time past women have been worked into the classified (?) service of the Treasury, State, War, Navy, Agricultural, Pension and even into the Fish Commission on the straight influence, temporary laborer, transfer and all sorts of rackets; worked in singles, doubles, triplets and even by scores until the aggregate foots up into the thousands. It has been estimated in time past that more than 60 per cent of the department women who pose as clerical obtained their positions entirely exclusive of the certification entrance route. To sum the matter up most of them were Government pets to start with, and many of them are pets still. Certainly the women of the cities big and little throughout the United States have cause to look with an envious eye upon their more favored sisters of the capital city who work shorter hours and are better paid. Women of undoubted ability all over the United States have been making high ratings in competitive examinations, both clerical and auxiliary, and expecting to obtain entrance to the Government service as a result. Meanwhile the Washington departments have an over surplus of female home talent and consequently no room for genuine outside ability. No use for it; on the contrary they have been looking out for plans for female relatives and those with a pull.

Again, this writer claims that the Department women seldom marry, which is granted. Many of the bolder ones are ever striving, however, especially if they can find a willing victim with more real estate, world's goods, etc., than good sense. Many of them are sharpshooters with an eye to the divorce court future and consequent alimony. Business men from New York and other cities, however, are not coming to the Washington Departments to seek wives, as I have heard remarks from this source which I don't care to print.

When the Department sassy female of the butterfly order loses her position, well that's another matter, as she is more than overjoyed to get anything wearing pants, providing he has anything in the shape of a salary for her immediate support. Will give a sample case as follows: A Government female clerk residing in my neighborhood (chasing thirty in age, but acting like sixteen) of the kind that punctuates the atmosphere with much loud talking and causes the summer's night to be riven and split up with inane laughter of the peafowl-schreehowl variety, gets fired from the payroll. She manages to catch a male speculator of the Department clerical persuasion of uncertain age, grizzled, and with a swelling in the pit of the stomach and another in the back of the head. Then what a joy. There are front step levees (sidewalk lawn parties) most every evening, and the public is treated to a free-for-all show, in which pats, slaps, goo-goo-eyes, pet names, huggles and guggles (the latter after the sun goes down) form the substance. In fact some liar or other stated that it would be but a question of time when they went to bed on the front steps before an admiring public. The lawn party is usually reinforced by one or more big showy female pets, of the War Department, all loaded up with the latest scandals, as well as sweeping trails and powerful bustle. Then a widow (said to be a grass-widow) with an infant (juvenile) female phenomena forms a further or rear-guard auxiliary. Then what a sassy-department-racket there is sure enough; a baker's dozen of lawn mowers geared up-side-down could scarcely be heard nor would a steam calliope fare much better in a race for points.

Of course in the same neighborhood there are department women who show all the marks of refinement and good breeding, and every department has its quota of these as well as the opposites.

When it comes to endeavoring to make nearly all-out to be experts—well the less said the better. Many who have not Civil Service Commission records are undoubtedly very worthy and efficient as clerks—we know a Pension Office lady clerk of this class. As before stated though there is entirely too heavy a percentage of the showy brazen class of the straight-influence-order to qualify the whole as anything above commonplace mediocrity.

The *Times* of late is praising, and praising with shoddy cloth handbill ads, yet very many of these low-caliber swell heads, both sexes, have not even an honest initial examination record although the contrary is stated, explicitly stated. Cheap suiters-wagon-fighters (some of whom we know personally to be the veriest cowards, curs and soldier backbiters) are endeavoring through the columns of a very cheap brand of new-style newspaper to make themselves and department relatives out to be some persons of consequence. If we cared to go into the details of petty and individual scandal we could throw a pretty dark cloud upon the characters of certain of these more than cheap individuals of both sexes.

YOUNG X SOLDIER.

DONATUS O'BRIEN

Defends His Friendship for the Cromwellian Robber.

WOULD HONOR HIM AGAIN

Thinks He Is As Good a Man as Beresford, But Beresford Don't Think So Nor Any Other British Nobleman, and Donatus Knows It, Hence He Is Guilty of Flunkism by Crawling On All Fours to the Typical Representative of Ireland's Oppressors.

Editor Sunday Globe:

On the first instant a very unfair and untruthful article was published in your paper by a gentleman whom I thought my friend on a friendly reception of a distinguished Irish Lord.

It is true that I did visit Lord Charles Beresford at the Shoreham in this city during the first week of March, 1899, and were he to visit this beautiful capital again I would most assuredly call on him just as one gentleman would visit another although he is a lord by courtesy only as the son of an Irish marquis and a rear admiral in the British navy. I am proud in the innate consciousness of the fact that I consider myself as good a man as he is.

I know that I am a scion of a more ancient and a far greater family than he or any other "Cromwellian" from like stock.

Being connected in my younger days with an Irish railroad that ran through the Waterford estates of Lord Beresford's father I had many opportunities of coming officially in contact with him, and always found him to be a genial, honorable and courteous Irish gentleman, and he always treated me respectfully and cordially.

As the information given through the columns of your paper is erroneous I will explain.

Upon Lord Beresford's arrival in this city from California and the West I at once repaired to the Shoreham where he was stopping.

My call was both respectful and friendly and in view of prior acquaintance was quite apropos that I made the visit. On sending up my card to Lord Beresford he sent his secretary, Mr. Robin Gray, who said "Mr. O'Brien, Lord Charles Beresford wishes you to come up to his rooms with me. Thanks to you and am very glad to meet you, etc."

When Lord Charles saw me enter he came forward and put out his two hands to greet me and said: "Ah! Mr. O'Brien we are both getting older than when we met in Waterford in our young days." The last time I met him was in 1874 when he was returned at the head of the poll as member of Parliament for Waterford county at the general election of 1874 as a Home Ruler. He was then twenty-two years old and when I met him at the Shoreham he was forty-seven.

Well we talked on general topics about Ireland and Irishmen in this country, etc. He then stated: "I met some very fine Irishmen in San Francisco and Chicago. I felt proud, too, to see my countrymen holding fine positions, some enjoying wealth and so many educated, and others eager to acquire an education."

On taking my leave of Lord Charles I suggested that I would introduce him to a few of my Irish friends, to which he gladly assented and expressed a desire to meet them any time; he would remain in the city until next Wednesday.

I asked him if he had seen our President. "Yes, indeed," he replied, "and he is a fine fellow." Then I told the Admiral that he is Irish too for he is the grandson of an Irishman, and one of his ancestors, a William McKintley, too, was hung in 1895 as a rebel against British rule.

"Oh, yes, the President mentioned your name to me," said Lord Charles. If we had any doubt said the President as to your nationality, Mr. O'Brien's letter in this morning's *Post* dispelled them.

On the following Monday I again called in company with a gentleman, the son of an Irishman, who was then a resident of this city, a highly cultured gentleman who enjoyed Lord Charles' conversation and *vice versa*.

It is false to aver that I invited several Irish-Americans by circular; no one knows this better than the writer of the article whom I invited personally and he declined saying he had some business engagements for that day.

Indeed I may say that I was very glad that he declined, for I had a few leisure hours at my disposal, enabling me to send a floral decoration "gates ajar" or some such emblem, as no doubt my friend would have talked poor Lord Charles to death all about himself, and Othello like he would tell of the battles and sieges he had won and his hair breath escapes by flood and field for the gentleman was an old soldier.

It is absolutely false to say that we called in the evening in dress suits. We called about 11 o'clock the morning before he left for New York and this last visit did not exceed forty minutes in duration.

My friends here who know me know that I am not very anxious at any time to don dress clothes except on occasions where absolutely necessary.

It is also false to say that while Lord

Charles was in this city I presented him with a floral harp and made a presentation speech.

What a vindictive mind the writer must have to string together and impress both editor and readers with such a tissue of deliberate falsehoods. I guess Washington does not hold another Irishman but my quondam scribe *friend* that would descend so low as to deliberately coin such a series of low falsehoods as he has done to a most inoffensive good-natured poor devil of an Irishman like the undersigned. But he is not yet through with his tirade. He further states that I tried to run the whole Redmond and Devlin reception or "burst."

Now, Mr. Editor, I have my friend in a corner and he is "up against it" in good earnest. He says I had nothing to do with it for he did it all and that I was not even on the reception committee.

The fact is there was no reception committee, nothing but the executive committee, and to prove this assertion I call on Mr. Joseph J. Murphy, of the *New Century*, who sent to my friend's office for the list of the reception committee and it was given the names of the executive committee, forty-eight in number, and as he was running the whole thing he said to the messenger, "That will do."

This friend of mine, Mr. Editor, your informant the scribe, came near driving poor innocent William Downey out of his wits until his wife or some other "good Samaritan" like himself advised him to give this loquacious verbiage orator the "shake" and drive quietly himself around in his carriage to visit Bishop Conaty and other gentlemen. The advice was taken; then all went off "sweet and lovely" as a marriage bell.

No, sir, there is or was no "tangle" on account of my expenditures, but what the committee honorably liquidated. My only expenditure was for the flowers on Senator Hoar's table and some flowers for Mrs. Redmond.

I am sure, Mr. Editor, you will give me an equal chance with my friend to present my side of the case, this is all and more I cannot expect even from one from the grand old "rebel" county of Cork the next to mine, and contiguous to the birth place of our great Irish orator and patriot John Phillips Curran the father of Sarah, the sweet lover of our martyred Emmitt, of whom our gifted Moore sung so sweetly—

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing,
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps
For her heart in her grave is lying."

Respectfully and cordially,
DONATUS O'BRIEN.

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